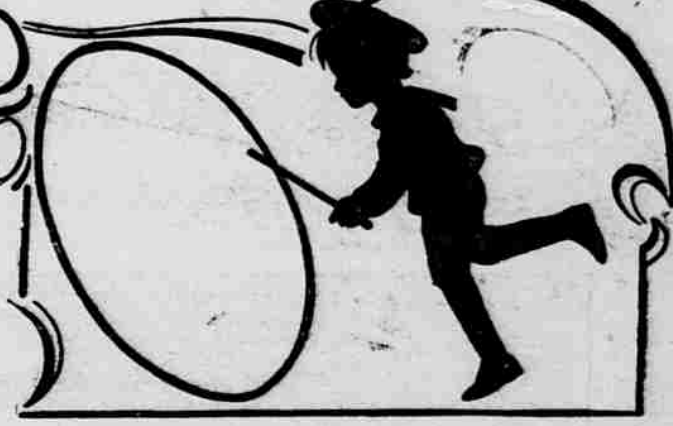
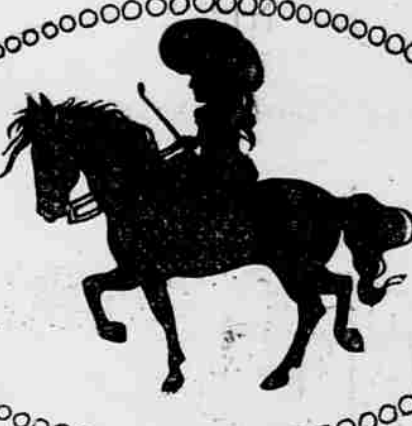
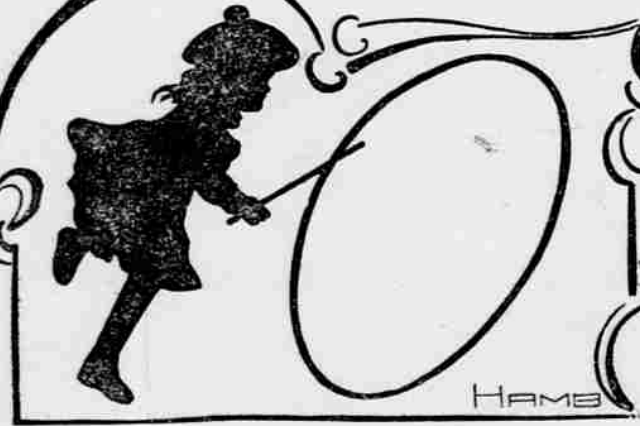


# OUR YOUNG FOLKS



## THE PERSEVERANCE CLUB.

BY JAMES ALBERT WALES.

THE boys of the Perseverance Club were so encouraged by their first athletic victory, having beaten the Rangers at hockey, that they resumed work on their clubhouse with more enthusiasm than ever. There being no school on Saturday, the young builders started in right after breakfast and worked steadily all day.

Sixteen energetic boys can accomplish a great deal when their hearts are in their work. At the close of the day they had all the weatherboarding, roofing, and flooring in place. While laying the flooring, provision was made for the shower baths. The old barn, formerly occupying the clubhouse site, had been equipped with water connection, to supply water to the horses, which had been kept there, so it became possible to utilize the old pipes for the shower baths, arrangements for water supply having been made with the town authorities. Plumbing was somewhat beyond the boys' abilities, hence

lines 27 feet long. Owing to the limited size of the clubhouse, it was necessary to lay out bases only 20 feet apart, in the form of a diamond. The regulation pitcher's distance—22 feet from home plate—was adhered to. The boys made bases by filling canvas bags with sand. The fellows who "made" the team had their mothers make them regular baseball uniforms of light grey cloth, with "Perseverance" in cloth letters sewn on the shirt. Black stockings and gymnasium shoes completed the uniform.

Second base went in far back that no centerfielder was needed, as the rules allow either eight or nine players, as may be desired. Wire netting was placed across the windows to prevent damage from batted balls and wild throws.

On Tuesday afternoon the boys finished the inside walls with material similar to that used for flooring. Baseball practice continued every evening. By Wednesday evening everything was so near completion that the clubhouse committee was empowered to issue invitations for a housewarming, to be held the following Saturday evening. A game of indoor baseball

was arranged for the occasion with the Dauntless Club, of Park Heights. The boys' mothers and sisters made preparations for a spread, and the mayor of the town promised to make an address of dedication.

Thursday and Friday were spent in finishing up the details of the work. The boys made tables and benches for the spread from the wood left over, from which they also constructed a couch under the house, so arranged as to be reached through a trap-door at the side of the stove. Steps were built at the rear door and the front porch, and a neat plank walk laid to the street. The boys hoped to get a flagpole some time in the future, and they meant to place a float in front of the house for boating and swimming purposes.

Preparations for the housewarming occupied all day Saturday. After Jack Higgins had swept the floor in the morning, the plumber placed a small boiler and made connections which enabled the boys to use both hot and cold water, thus securing any temperature desired. The floor of the room was cemented, and graded down to a drain pipe in the center. The dressing rooms and lockers, specified in the plans, were not finished at once, as the clubhouse committee was planning to give a "housewarming" when the house was finished, and plenty of room would be needed to accommodate the guests, especially if the plan of playing indoor baseball on that occasion should be carried out.

The plumber's bill was \$17.50. About \$45 more had been expended in buying door

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A ROYAL GOOD TIME FOLLOWED.

this part of the work was entrusted to a local plumber.

The question of lighting was happily settled. The president of the Riverview Gas Company had witnessed the hockey game on Friday, and had become so interested in the club that he offered to put in all the necessary gaspipes and burners without charge, to help the boys along. His offer was gladly accepted, and the company's employees made connection from the gas main in the street just back of the clubhouse.

Treasurer Charley picked up a bargain by purchasing an old stove in really good condition from a dealer in old iron. The stove was placed close to the wall just outside the shower bathroom. Behind the stove the plumber placed a small boiler and made connections which enabled the boys to use both hot and cold water, thus securing any temperature desired. The floor of the room was cemented, and graded down to a drain pipe in the center. The dressing rooms and lockers, specified in the plans, were not finished at once, as the clubhouse committee was planning to give a "housewarming" when the house was finished, and plenty of room would be needed to accommodate the guests, especially if the plan of playing indoor baseball on that occasion should be carried out.

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Always live up to its legend—let "Perseverance" be your watchword, and success will be yours. The mayor's remarks were followed by prolonged applause. The banner, a handsomely embroidered piece of silk about 24 by 30 inches, was passed around for inspection, and universally admired. Then two of the boys got a ladder and hung it in a conspicuous place at the end of the hall. The banner thanked the fair donors of the banner in behalf of the club, and asked the mayor to toss the first ball across the plate. This he did, and the game began.

Very few of the spectators had ever seen indoor baseball before, and the various plays were novel and amusing. The pitcher hit and ball, the old style of pitching, and the lightning rapidity of the playing, were commented upon generally. The rules forbidding granting a base to a batsman struck by a pitched ball, and the catcher throwing wild, to prevent a stolen base, unless the batsman gets an extra base on the throw. In other respects the game is almost identical with outdoor baseball.

For three innings neither side scored, then the Perseverance boys got their eye

on the ball and batted over six runs. After that it was a walkover. The Dauntless team got but two runs during the rest of the game, but the Perseverance team hammered the Dauntless team, and the boys felt that their foe had been in a measure compensated for.

After the game the tables were brought inside and arranged. The chocolate had been in process of making during the closing innings of the game, so it was steaming hot and ready to be served with the sandwiches, oyster pies, fruit, cakes, etc. A royal good time followed. Good humor and good appetite made excellent sauce, and full justice was done the plain but wholesome menu.

Everyone was praising the successful manner in which the boys had arranged the affair, and all were happy to go well had it not been for "Jack" Higgins' carelessness of the morning and Alfred Davidson's anxiety to show off before the girls. Alfred lighted a cigarette, just to show

that he didn't care whether his parents saw him. He tossed the match behind the stove, it struck the pile of shavings and ignited them. Before anyone could realize what had happened a streak of flame shot upward. The wall was burning and the flames had caught the framework before the blaze was noticed at all.

Several women screamed and many rushed panic-stricken to the door. Walter Gladwin and "Joe" Stein were as cool-headed as any. "Joe" seized the pail used in the baseball game and dashed its contents over the flames. Joe told Wilbur and Rex to fill the chocolate pails at the shower bath faucets, directed Reub and Charley to smother the blaze with mattresses, and himself dashed off to the nearest fire-alarm box. The fight against the impending conflagration was started as quickly as the flames themselves.

At first the fire-fighters could do little to check the blaze. The flames increased their rapidity, and soon their greedy tongues licked the crackling shingles. Tears came to the boys' eyes as they saw the proud result of their labor apparently being demolished in a moment's time.

Reub chopped a hole in the ice at the river bank, and the bucket brigade found this a nearer and quicker access to the work than the shower bathroom, which was fast becoming too hot for comfort. Everything in which water could be carried was pressed into service, and the mayor himself was foremost in the ranks of the fire-fighters.

Continued work resulted in a checking of the flames' advance, and in five minutes more the fire was under control. In fifteen minutes, just as the Riverview Hose Company appeared on the scene, the fire was practically extinguished. Nearly half of one side wall and a good part of the roof had become a charred skeleton.

Upon looking over the result of the fire it was seen that the damage was not such as could not easily be repaired. The boys were thankful indeed that the whole of their splendid clubhouse had not been burned to a mass of shapeless ruins. With this philosophical thought they left for home, resolved to retrieve their loss as quickly as possible. It was a comfort, too, to learn that the banner had not been damaged in any way.

In the next story we shall read of the boys' return basketball game with their old rivals, the Golden Knights, played in the rebuilt clubhouse.



A LITTLE BIT OF MAGIC.

HERE is a trick that an amateur may perform as neatly and cleverly as a professional magician, and with an equal effect on the spectators.

Hollow out the end of a candle, and then keep the candle out of sight until you are ready to use it. Have a candlestick on the table before you. Hand a pen and a sheet of note paper to one of the spectators and ask him to write a sentence on it, anything he pleases.

While he is writing get ready another piece of paper, but only one-half the size of the first. Crumple it up and hold it in your left hand, between the lower joints of the fingers.

After the original paper has been written on, ask the writer to tear it in half. Taking one-half from him in your right hand, crumple it up and pretend to pass it into your left hand, but in reality you must substitute for it the piece already there. Then you will have the piece with the writing on it concealed in your left hand, and the piece that you had prepared in your right hand; but if you make the substitution skillfully the spectators will think that the latter is the one given to you by the man who did the writing.

Give the paper that you have in your right hand to one of the spectators and caution him to close his hand over it tight. Then quickly insert the paper that you still have in the hollowed end of the candle, and put the candle in the candlestick and light it. Take from the spectator the paper that you gave him and burn it in the candle.

Then blow out the candle and hand it to the one who did the writing on it. Of course he will find it there, and recognize his own work.

What Willie saw.

"I always thought that Holmes was a real detective. West. There were things were with him, but I'm afraid I'm not a heavy fellow, standing by the door."

To drive away the customers from that tobacco store."

After the game the tables were brought inside and arranged. The chocolate had been in process of making during the closing innings of the game, so it was steaming hot and ready to be served with the sandwiches, oyster pies, fruit, cakes, etc. A royal good time followed. Good humor and good appetite made excellent sauce, and full justice was done the plain but wholesome menu.

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WHAT WILLIE SAW.

## HOW TO MAKE A SALT POWER ENGINE.

By MEREDITH NUGENT.

HERE is an engine which works just like a real engine. The cardboard wheel goes flying around, the piston rod works up and down in its spool cylinder, and the cross-beam, surmounted by two American flags, seesaws fully as perfectly as those run by steam.

The power used in this little engine is not steam, though, but salt, yes, common salt, such as you use at table. The engine itself is made of cardboard or pasteboard, and as follows:

First cut out a wheel of pasteboard or cardboard six inches in diameter. Make it with spokes and just like wheel in picture. Then cut out a pasteboard driving rod five inches in length, a crossbeam eight inches in length and a piston rod in shape of that shown in picture, six inches in length. Also cut out a pasteboard support for crossbeam eight inches in length, and two supports for flywheel, to rest in each, three inches in length.

Now take a box cover and fasten the upright for the crossbeam in position, as here shown. Then stick a pin through this

upright and fasten the head of it firmly to the pasteboard with sealing wax. Also stick a pin through each end of the crossbeam and fasten the heads of these firmly in position, which should be horizontal, with sealing wax.

With a hatpin make a hole in exactly the center of your crossbeams and slide it onto the pin in the center of the upright. Attach driving rod and piston to the machinery from coming apart.

Now, take your flywheel supports, and fasten them to the box cover, one on each side, and just in a line under the point of the crossbeam, when latter is in a horizontal position. Bore a fair-sized hole in each support and another in exact center of wheel, then pass through supports to wheel a hat-pin axle—through the wheel first and supports afterward.

Fasten the head of the hat pin which projects beyond the wheel firmly to the pasteboard, with sealing wax. Place a large spool on the box for cylinder, and drop loose end of the piston rod into it. Now fasten the driving rod to one of the spokes of the wheel, about an inch from the axle, and exactly in position as shown in the illustration. Greatest care must

be taken to have driving rod arranged properly.

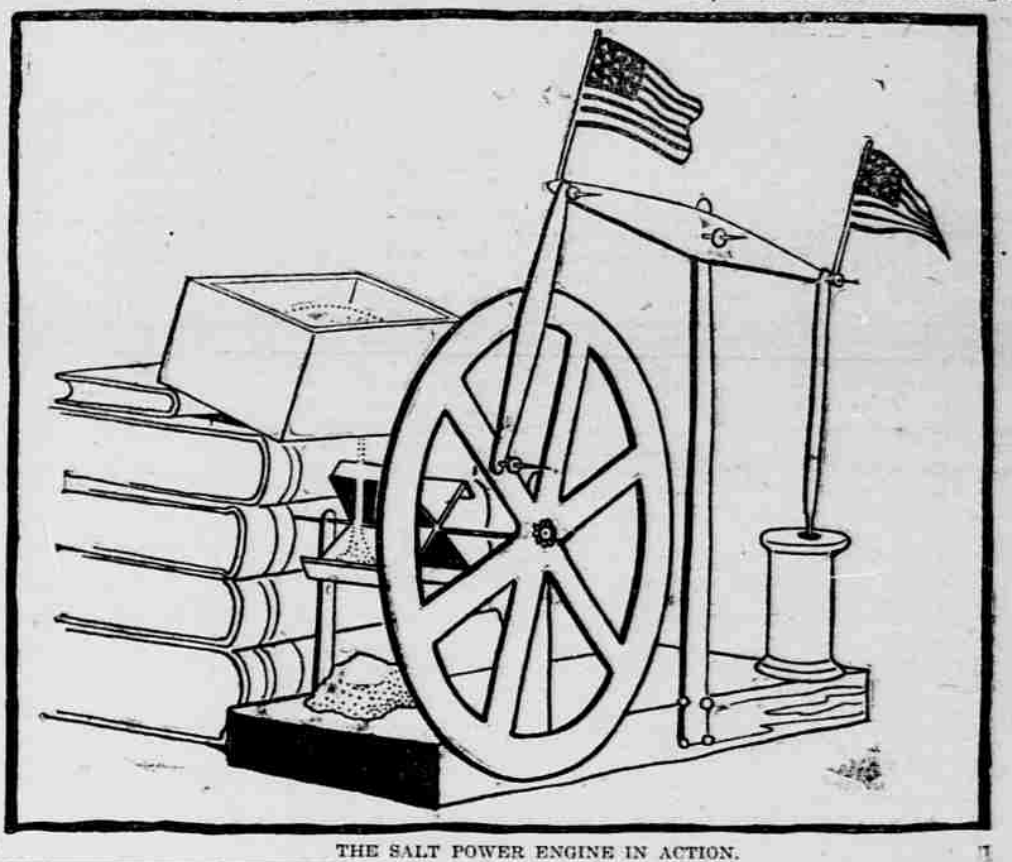
Now that your little engine is all set up, cut out four pieces of stiff writing paper two inches by one and a quarter inches, and crease over one side of each about a quarter of an inch, as shown in diagram. Attach these papers to hat-pin circle with sealing wax. See diagram.

Now take a pasteboard box, bore a hole in the bottom of it and set it in position on some books in such manner that when the salt falls through the hole at the bottom of the box it will fall directly onto the paddles of the writing-paper wheel.

Be careful to place your flywheel supports perfectly level with each other, and also see to it that holes in supports, piston, and driving rod are such that there will be no friction.

If arranged properly this little engine will run splendidly. You may use as large a box as you please for holding the salt, and, too, by tipping one end up, as shown in the illustration, the salt will run out for a much longer period without replenishing. Make all fastenings with sealing wax.

A pasteboard shoe box will furnish you with just the material you need for the manufacture of this little engine.



THE SALT POWER ENGINE IN ACTION.

## BUILDING TIME IN BIRDLAND.

"MY dear," warbled little Mrs. Wren, "can you stop singing a few minutes? I want to talk to you." Johnny Wren, perched on a lilac bush and singing as though his tiny throat would split, left off his sweet thrills and hopped to the twig beside his small brown wife.

"Well, my dear," he asked, "have I just been househunting," she replied. "It really is time for us to settle. Mrs. Catbird and Mrs. Woodpecker have both decided on a site, and you know they are never very early."

"True," answered Johnny. "It is getting late. What do you think of the place I saw yesterday? That one of the Blue Martins had last year seems cozy and comfortable. With a little fixing up the nest even could be used again."

Mrs. Wren shook her head, while her bill went up ever so slightly in the air. "I don't like second-hand furniture," she said, "above all, beds."

"I'd rather not have it myself," agreed Johnny. "Well, after all, I've seen nothing more cozy than the little house we had last season, but Mr. Bluebird has moved into it. Really I think it very impudent of him. I have half a mind to make him give it up."

"Oh, pray, don't, my dear. You are very good tempered, on the whole, but you can be just a little pugnacious sometimes, you know. Mr. Bluebird is such a peevish fellow. Besides, Mrs. Bluebird is setting."

Johnny's little brown face changed. "That certainly makes a difference," he said. "Mrs. Bluebird is early, isn't she?"

"Well, you know, that's her custom. It's a good plan, in one way, but it's a risk, too, as she herself says. 'Mr. Bluebird came unusually early this year. There was a little snowstorm the morning after he got here, he told me, and he felt very shivery in his thin coat. But then he has to think about the violets and daffodils and crocuses. They are all

so far down in the frozen earth that, I suppose, they never would come up if he didn't sing about them. Why, even people have a way of waiting for his sweet voice to tell them winter is gone. I like Mr. Bluebird, and I peeped in one. There is a funny thing hanging against the wall—two, in fact, but one is enough. I wouldn't wish a better place to live in. Do come and see it."

"Of course not, you silly dear. But here I am talking and nearly forgetting what I had to tell you. I've found a splendid place for a home. Those nice house people are here again this summer. They have opened all their windows, and I peeped in one. There is a funny thing hanging against the wall—two, in fact, but one is enough. I wouldn't wish a better place to live in. Do come and see it."

"Not half bad," growled Mr. Wren, hopping in and out and all round the odd-looking objects his wife pointed out to him. "Not half bad. I think we'd better begin fixing up right off." Mrs. Wren joyfully agreed, and away both flew. Back they came in a few minutes, with all sorts of odd bits for building their home.

They made a great many trips and worked very hard before the nest was done. At last it needed only a soft lining to make it warm for the babies to come.

"I saw some fine feathers in the poultry yard," said Johnny, and he and Jenny were soon flying in that direction. When they came back they saw two great heads very close to their precious home and heard a voice say:

"Oh, Ned, do peep in, will you? Some dear little birds have made a nest in your old overshoe. They are around, I am sure. No other bird is tame enough to come in the house."

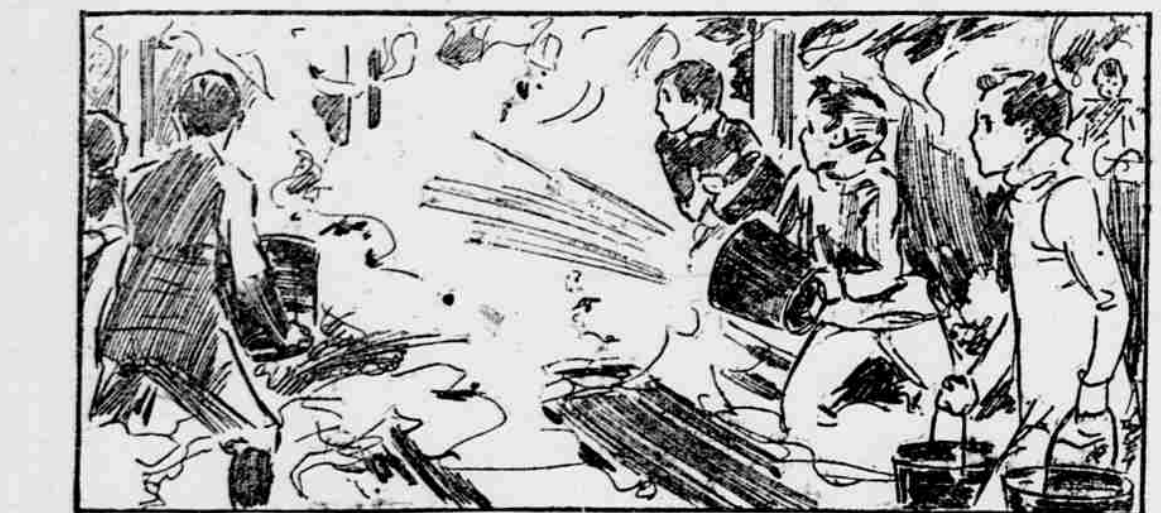
"I wish they'd go away," said Johnny, fluttering about in fear and alarm. "They are so big."

"How silly you are!" scolded Jenny. "They are only the house people. They won't hurt it."

But, with their eyes, the babies' mouths opened, too, and I can tell you Johnny was kept busy filling them. "It's hard work, I know," said the food mother, "but just suppose we had no babies to feed!" There was a tiny tear in the bright brown eyes. Johnny knew she was thinking of that dreadful day, long ago, when some cruel birds had torn down their happy little home and killed all their babies, and he drew closer to her, with little warbles of sympathy.

"Well, I have had some troubles," said Jenny, when Johnny was gone to hunt worms, "but I certainly have the blessing of a good husband. I only hope my children will get as good ones."

DIAGRAM OF THE THIEF'S TRACK.



THE BOYS THREW WATER ON THE FLAMES.

and window frames, doors, window shades and glass, a clock, a supply of coal, and other necessary items. During the week the boys worked hard every afternoon after school. The townspeople were greatly interested in the work, and many people visited the scene of activity, all being greatly surprised at the workmanlike manner in which the boys performed their several tasks.

The gas was in by Monday evening, and the house was in good enough shape to admit of indoor baseball practice. The floor was properly marked out, and a team chosen, with "Will" Stratford as captain and "Tom" Barry, manager.

Upon studying the rules the boys noted many differences from outdoor baseball, principally regarding the bat and ball. The bat is two and three-quarter feet long and not more than one and five-eighths inches in diameter at any point. The ball is about 17 inches in circumference, made of a yielding substance, large and soft, and about eight and one-quarter ounces in weight. The rules call for base

were piled outside for later use, and shortly after supper the boys brought great baskets of "goodies" from home, leaving them in the shower bathroom. Two large water pails were brought, to make hot chocolate in, as the stove could be used for cooking as well as for heating. Cups, spoons, forks, knives, plates, napkins and tablecloths were loaned by the boys' families.

Not long after seven the guests began to arrive. The boys' families and friends made up the invited list. Among the guests were the mayor, two councilmen, a justice of the peace, and the president of the gas company. The little house was so crowded that there was hardly room for the baseball diamond. Many were obliged to stand behind the benches.

The members of the hall team had donned their uniforms at home. They were heartily applauded as they took the floor for preliminary practice, the Dauntless Club having practiced first. This was the Perseverance batting order: Gladwin, left field; Baumbach, third base; Tucker, short stop; Sayles, second base; Graham, right field; Davidson, first base; Barry, catcher, and Stratford, pitcher. After the practice Barry was escorted to the center of the diamond by

on the ball and batted over six runs. After that it was a walkover. The Dauntless team got but two runs during the rest of the game, but the Perseverance team hammered the Dauntless team, and the boys felt that their foe had been in a measure compensated for.

After the game the tables were brought inside and arranged. The chocolate had been in process of making during the closing innings of the game, so it was steaming hot and ready to be served with the sandwiches, oyster pies, fruit, cakes, etc. A royal good time followed. Good humor and good appetite made excellent sauce, and full justice was done the plain but wholesome menu.

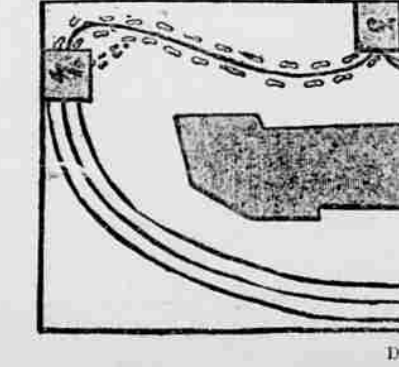
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WHAT WILLIE SAW.



WHAT WILLIE SAW.

HIS diagram illustrates the flight of a kidnapper who stole a child from the house marked 1 and went around the head of a long, narrow lake to a railway station at 7, beyond which he could not be traced. The reason why he was traced to this point is that the ground was covered with a very light fall of snow, enough to show footprints and wheel tracks, but not enough to prevent his using any vehicle he chose.



The question is, what means of locomotion did he and the child employ, and what happened to them on the different stages of the route? The story is written clearly in the snow? Can you read it?

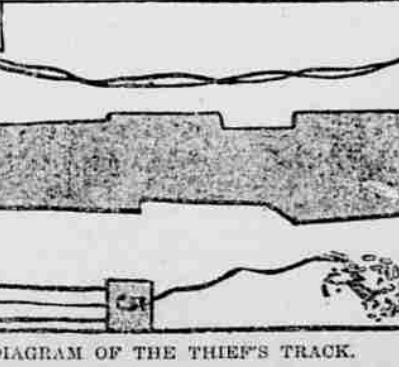


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